

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

MR. VAN GRIP'S FORTUNE.

In 1840 Mr. Van Grip purchased from the Van Snort estate a lot of land fronting on Broadway, below Fulton street, for \$25,000. An old building stood on the lot at that time, and Mr. Van Grip had it torn down and a new building erected in its stead. The new building cost \$100,000 and created no little stir and gossip in New York in those days. Besides giving a minute description of it in their news columns, the Bugle and Bladder treated the subject editorially and in glowing terms praised the enterprise and public spirit of Mr. Van Grip, and wound up with a wish that New York were blessed with more men like him. Enterprise and public spirit were not Mr. Van Grip's only virtues. He was a religious, God-fearing gentleman, a loving husband, a good father, a thorough business man who was not too proud to look after his own affairs, which he always kept in the straightest order, keeping accurate accounts of all his transactions so that at any moment he could tell exactly how he stood with respect to any particular one of them; in short, he was a model man—a man to be looked up to and copied.

Years rolled by, bringing poverty, hunger and rags to many and riches, plenty and fine linen to a few. The civil war broke out, and thousands of hot-headed patriots left home and kindred to sacrifice their lives on the altar of freedom. Hitherto it had been a case of iron rule with Mr. Van Grip to personally represent himself on all occasions where matters of any moment were at issue, but in this case he was satisfied to appear by proxy. So he hired an agent to represent him at the "front," and remained at home, himself to look after the interests of society and to see that the business of the metropolis was carried on in a ship-shape manner. The public weal demanded this, and as Mr. Van Grip was a heavy tax-payer, the city could not very well spare him. He was one of her representative men.

In 1856 Mr. Van Grip died, in the language of the eminent divines who officiated at the funeral services, "universally regretted," and was peacefully laid to rest in the family plot, where a handsome marble shaft records his many virtues for the edification of future generations.

Early in 1887 the lot of land and the building (now an old one) on Broadway were sold in partition proceedings for the snug little sum of \$350,000. I have incidentally remarked above that Mr. Van Grip kept accurate accounts of all his transactions, and I here take the liberty of glancing at the accounts relative to this particular sale, not to satisfy any morbid curiosity, but simply with a view of learning a lesson from the enterprise and public spirit of the exemplary gentleman.

The account is written in a neat hand, every "it" is dotted and every "I" is crossed, and it is most carefully ruled off in red ink. On the debit side are entered payments for taxes, water rates, insurance, repairs, etc., and interest at the legal rate on the \$125,000 invested; and on the credit side appear the amounts of rent received. For the first three years (1841-3) the debit and credit sides of the account exactly balance. During the following seven years (1844-50) the credits exceed the debits by \$5,500; from 1851 to 1859 the excess of credits over debits is \$11,000; from 1860 to 1870 this excess amounts to \$12,500; from 1871 to 1880 the excess amounts up to \$14,000; and from 1881 to 1886, inclusive, it is \$8,000. The grand total of excess of rents over and above payments for taxes, insurance, water rates, repairs, etc., and the amounts which Mr. Van Grip allowed himself for interest on the principal sum invested during the forty-six years being \$51,000.

Now let us work out two little problems, one in subtraction and the other in addition. From the price at which the property was sold in 1887, namely, \$350,000, deduct the cost price, namely, \$125,000, and there remains \$225,000, to which add \$51,000, and we find the net profit on this little transaction was \$276,000. Of course, I have not taken into consideration interest on the surplus of receipts over disbursements which accrued annually from 1844 to 1886, and of which surplus Mr. Van Grip was sufficiently enterprising and public spirited to take appropriate advantage.

Two hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars! Phenomenal! To think of it makes my head swim. What genius! What enterprise! What public spirit! Compare this with the puny efforts of twenty pigmy contemporaries of Mr. Van Grip. Those twenty clods of humanity started in the race with him. They drugged and drugged for twenty years (1840-60), and as a result of their drugging and delving averaged \$325 a year per man, they all earning during the twenty years \$210,000, which these good-for-nothing fellows squandered as fast as they earned it. The war broke out and the whole twenty manly clods of humanity returned alive to resume their drugging and delving. For the next twenty-two years (1860-82) the total amount earned by those six nobodies was \$60,000, or \$500 yearly a man. This they likewise spent as fast as they earned it, in riotous living and pampering of their families. And then those six nobodies died and were buried out of sight and into their miserable graves, whereon not as much as a wooden stake is placed to remind the passer-by that such pigmies lived.

Here we have the bright example of one enterprising, public-spirited gentleman, earning and saving on one of his transactions as much as twenty nobodies earned and squandered. Just think of it!

We have said one of his transactions, for this was only one of a number of like ones in which Mr. Van Grip had been engaged during those forty-six years. When that worthy gentleman died his estate was found to be worth over \$2,000,000—"all in reality," as the lawyers expressed it. Any reader of The Standard, if he wishes to form a fair estimate of this enterprise and public spirit of this great man, can do so approximately at least, by working out a little problem in the rule of three. For instance, suppose the earnings of Mr. Van Grip over and above those of ordinary men for those forty-six years to form a like proportion of the \$2,000,000 to that which their actual earnings during the forty-six years were. Again, if it takes twenty nobodies in uncertain circumstances and conditions

forty-six years to earn \$276,000, how many nobodies, working under similar circumstances and conditions and for a similar period, will it take to earn \$1,477,142.85?

276,000 : 1,477,142.85 :: 20

Multiply our second term by our third and divide the product by our first. An answer is 107,788.57—276,000 nobodies. A fraction of a nobody does not amount to much, so will discard the fraction and call it 114.

Gracious, goodness me, what an enterprising, public-spirited man Mr. Van Grip was!

It warms the cockles of my heart to contemplate him. Just think of it. He earned and saved more than 114 of the ordinary run of men earned and squandered.

Pondering over these figures an idea occurred to me, and as I am not one of those who keep their light under a bushel, I give it to the readers of The Standard. It is this: The sole object of life nowadays is money. Granted. There are over 50,000,000 human beings in these United States at the present writing. Now, suppose that one-fifth of these are able-bodied men (which they are not, but we will suppose so), engaged in a terribly earnest pursuit of that object, and suppose again that in every 115 of these 10,000,000 there is one Mr. Van Grip and 114 incapable nobodies. Now let us figure out that and see what it comes to:

115 : 10,000,000 :: 1

Proceed as we have done above and we find that there are 86,595 12-33 Mr. Van Grips and 9,913,404 11-23 incapable nobodies who are unwilling or unable to accomplish any thing toward the object referred to—money.

Now I have come to the idea. Listen: Let those 9,913,404 11-23 incapable nobodies be quietly choked, or burned, or perhaps, it could be cheaper to dump them into the sea, and then after that has been done let us strangle all the no-body infants as fast as they appear and save and carefully raise the Van Grips infants: If—but, hang it, here comes this terrible "if"! How are we to recognize the Van Grips infants? There's the rub. Perhaps some of the Standard may devise a mode of obviating this little difficulty.

Some men are curious animals. I related the facts above written to my friend Pete Drudger, and instead of appreciating the enterprise and public spirit of Mr. Van Grip as they deserve, he metaphorically tossed the respectable gentleman's memory to tatters, said he never did an honest day's work in his life, said he was nothing but a bloated spider who lay idly in his hole, and watched an opportunity to prey upon the poor nobodies, said that the \$1,477,142.85 ought to be divided 115 ways. I spoke of the result and into some nonsense about "uncared increment," or some such stuff, and finally wound up by calling me a fool, and said that if my "idiotic idea" about burning, choking and drowning could, by any possible means, be carried into execution, I should be the first victim, as he had never known a more incapable nobody than I am; whereupon I left him. There is no use in trying to reason with such men.

A London Landlord's Soliloquy.

London Echo.

"Hah! A letter from Jones, the grocer, asking me to renew his lease, on the ground that he has built up a business after great expenditure and years of work, and will be ruined if I don't allow him to remain where he is. Jones is an imperfectly informed person. He imagines I exist for him, whereas Jones, like all his neighbors—those living in the streets which belong to me, and those living in other streets as well, throughout this vast metropolis—all exist and think and feel for me. Hah! hah! Just think of it! I own squares, and streets, and terraces, and draw a splendid and princely income from them. And I not only get my rents regularly paid, and see houses which were built on ground that I fortunately refused to sell and would only let—like my ancestors, wise men—on short leases, gradually falling into my hands, becoming my own, to be let at high and increasing rents, but I see all London toiling to make me richer, and consequently more powerful and happier. What a delightful thought it is!

"Not a merchant, who increases the wealth and trade of this great metropolis; not a workman, who adds to its industrial product; not an author, or writer, or scientific man that adds to its reputation; not a builder, not a father of an increasing family, but puts gold into my pocket by augmenting the value of my land and houses. I toil not, neither do I spin. Why should I when all the world around is toiling and spinning for me? My gifts even—they are not great, for I invest all I can in real property, so that those who follow me may have even greater gifts than myself. That my gift can all be made to enhance my own position. If I beautify a street, or give a site upon which a handsome church or chapel can be built, or subscribe to imperial institutes or South Kensington improvements, do I not still benefit myself? Every thing works for the best for me, in this best of all possible worlds. The brains, sinews, energies, inventions of all mankind are mine in a peculiar sense. I not only profit by them as other people do, but they all tend to one end—the increasing value of my property. So that while the toilers and moilers even the most socialistic and democratic—think they are benefiting themselves, I am taking toll of every blow they strike and every work they do. Gradually this enables me to make stronger the golden chain—the strongest and perhaps—the cruellest—with which I and my fellow landlords and plutocrats bind society, even down to its lowest stratum; reinforcing its links, lengthening its extent, increasing its repressive influence. For, after all, who can estimate the power of gold, in politics, in society, in religion, in administration—of gold when it consists of millions and can be used, it need be to hold down and fetter? Yes, Jones is an ill-instructed person if he imagines I have any part or lot with him. He may be ruined, but even then he will benefit me. I can not attend to his petition, for weakness must never be the characteristic of one for whom the world turns round."

"To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it, is a truth that becomes more and more apparent as population becomes denser and invention and improvement add to productive power; but it is everywhere a truth—as much in our new States, as in the British Islands or by the banks of the Indus.—Progress and Poverty.

The tax on land values is the only tax of any importance that does not distribute itself. It falls upon the owners of land, and there is no way in which they can shift the burden upon any one else.—Progress and Poverty.

CANADIAN NORTH-WEST NOTES.

An important feature in immigration into Manitoba during 1890 was the influx of settlers from Dakota. A number of these were Canadians who had become discouraged by a succession of poor crops and decided to return to their own country. Settlers from Dakota drive across the international boundary into the Canadian Northwest, all along the frontier, being anxious to share in the prosperity of what appears to be a marvelously productive country.



Quite a number of families will move from Ontario to Grenfell, and other points in Eastern Assiniboia early in the spring.

Since September last twenty-seven families have left Michigan and secured new homes in Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest.

A short time ago a caravan of five wagons bearing the families and household effects of a number of French settlers passed through Morden, Manitoba, on their way to new homes near Carman, Manitoba. These settlers had driven all the way from Kansas.

Mr. F. Burnett, of Craiglea, Manitoba, lately sold 300 acres of land to two Canadians who eight years ago emigrated to Dakota, but who have now decided to locate in Manitoba, being satisfied that the Canadian country offers the best chances.

Every indication points to an immensely increased settlement in the Canadian Northwest next season. The manifold advantages of the country are now better understood and practical farmers and others anxious to better their conditions in life are turning to the Canadian Northwest.

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN LONDON.

Where Female Pleasure Seekers Go for Amusement.

Perhaps the most notable point about women's amusements in London is that they are so completely unorganized in the form of clubs and societies, says an exchange. For instance, there are numbers of ladies who can play a really good game of whist, but there is not a female whist club, nor are there tripling touring societies, after the fashion of men. The latter, however, will certainly be formed here long and well managed, might be a great success. The Rambling Club of the People's Palace allows female members to join it, but to what extent this privilege is appreciated by the sex we can not say. Walking is not usually a favorite pastime among the women of the lower middle classes. The "strong-minded," perhaps, will not admit the fact, but the inference to be drawn from this dissociation with women alone for sport and pleasure is that more rest, relaxation and amusement can be obtained by participating informally with men in their sports. Men's clubs for tennis, or whatever game it may be, imply a devotion of skill. For women's clubs to succeed the same love and aim would be necessary. The domestic claims made upon their time preclude this, and so they prefer, as a rule, to remain unfettered by club laws and regulations.—N. Y. Star.

If It Could Only Talk.

In the window of the little old-fashioned clock store on Third avenue, New York, stand the solid brass works of a clock that was made by E. Luke in London, England, repaired by F. C. H. in the year 1797, and repaired the second time in New York in 1850. No other name or date appears on the movements, and while the time of its original construction is unknown, the clock has been ticking for more than a century. The original case and dial plate have disappeared, but the works are contained between two plates of brass, and the one at the back is quaintly graven with the figure of a funeral urn and a large number of flourishes. If the pendulum that does the ticking could speak, the story of all that it has heard and witnessed in its travels would make delightful reading, and its history of old New York—the little cluster of houses below Great Jones street that made up the metropolis sixty or seventy years ago—would charm the antiquarians.—Chicago Herald.

—The "point of honor" can often be made to produce, by means of vanity, as many good deeds as virtue.—Talleyrand.

—Almost every Christian can find what he considers errors in the ideas, life and conduct of others.—Pomeroy.

—Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest too succeed.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1891.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	4 30
COTTON—Middling.....	10 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 00 1/2
COAL—No. 2 Red.....	5 00
COAL—No. 2 Mixed.....	4 50
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